



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

leading colorists, and giving us the subject at the latest dates.

The author, from many years connection with our artists, may be supposed well qualified for a subject in the materials of which he has been professionally engaged; and his little book may be hailed as an off-shoot of the growth in matters of art, which has sprung up among us so rapidly within a few years. It will have the effect, probably, of calling the attention of the artist to something still farther than the sole practice of his pursuit, namely, its intimate connection with science. He may feel how worthy and enlightened a curiosity it is that bestows its inquiry on the chemical constitution of those agents that play such a fascinating part in the productions of his pencil. How reasonable is the expectation that he shall be conversant with all the materials of his art; the nature of his pigments, their hues, the various changes to which they are liable, and their fleeting character; the means by which they are adulterated, and other questions, explicable through chemistry. He ought to know how to avoid these errors by which pigments, unwittingly mixed together, lose their characteristic brilliancy, if not their entire color, through chemical agency.

He should understand how evanescent that tint or that pigment must be, which, instantly precipitated from two almost colorless solutions, depends on fixed chemical conditions for its permanence, and, possessing this knowledge, he will be proportionately careful to sustain those conditions in the distribution of his colors on the canvas. We have no doubt that Mr. Ridner's manual will find a place on the tables of all who take an interest in the processes of painting, and so wish it the best success.

## SELECTIONS.

### THE UNVEILING OF THE "BAVARIA."

[We have received two extremely interesting descriptions of this event; one of them in the *Art Journal*, and the other in the *Athenæum*. We reprint the latter. The other, which is too long for our columns, contains a particular account of the fetes which were given on the occasion]:

"MUNICH, OCT. 9.

"THE COLOSSAL 'BAVARIA.'—Every one in Germany, if not in England, has heard of the great annual People's Festival held here in October. This year it was of especial interest, and attracted an unusual number of strangers, from the fact that the uncovering of Schwanthaler's colossal statue of Bavaria was to take place during this great week of gaiety.

"This stupendous work of Art—awful in its Titanic proportions and its calm majestic beauty—the result of ten years' incessant anxiety—stands on a broad meadow to the west of Munich, a portion of the great plain that stretches away to the feet of the Alps. It rests on the edge of what appears at first to be an artificial terrace, but is, in fact, a huge step where the plain suddenly descends into that lower plain on which stands the city of Munich. The figure of this colossal Virgin of the whole German world—with her majestic lion by her side—is 54 ft. high, and is placed on a granite pedestal 30 ft. in height; so that the beautiful temple of the *Ruhmeshalle*, or Hall of Fame, erecting behind, seems dwarfed into strange human insignificance.

"This figure, typifying the spirit of recognition and reward of all excellence and achievement whatever, stands with upraised wreath, as if ready to crown any Bavarian who may be worthy to enter her temple of fame. It was a grand idea of King Ludwig's, this of placing the Genius of Reward on the spot consecrated to the people and their annual meeting. It is in this meadow—the Theresa meadow as it is called—that the October *Volks-fest* is held; and

here the King distributes prizes to the peasants—prizes for horses, and cattle, and agricultural produce, as well as for success in all the athletic games here celebrated. Henceforward, all successful accomplishment will be crowned in the presence of the impersonated Bavaria, as well the more popular achievements alluded to, as those of the poet, painter, musician, and philosopher. Each is to receive in the presence of his assembled country, from the hands of the monarch, the acknowledgment of merit. Such at least is the intention of King Ludwig.

"The *Ruhmeshalle* is unfinished, and will require for its completion, at least two or three years more. It is a beautiful Doric building, of white marble, from the Untersberg, adorned with emblematical friezes by Schwanthaler. It was designed by Leo Van Klenze; and the busts of all the great men of Bavaria, without regard to difference of religious belief or to origin, are to be arranged along the walls.

"It was the intention of the King, that the uncovering of the 'Bavaria' should have taken place on the 3d of this month, in order that all the peasants assembled for their festival, which commences always on the first Sunday in October (this year falling on the 6th) should be witnesses; but the weather has been reading a striking lesson this past week to the kings and queens and princes assembled for the great ceremony. Autumnal rains and gloomy leaden skies have shown themselves powerful over potentates, as well as indifferent to the wishes of vast numbers of travellers assembled from all quarters of Europe and America, and hundreds and hundreds of simple country folk who have come long miles to the city to do honor to the great Colossus. Had this been 'the great image which King Nebuchadnezzar set up,' heaven could not have seemed more adverse to its day of inauguration. Rain! rain! rain!—unceasing rain—a very deluge, as if to sweep a second idol-worshipping generation from the face of the earth! The greatest uncertainty accordingly prevailed as to the day on which the 'Bavaria' festival would be held. It was to be on the Thursday—it was to be on the Friday—on the Saturday—then, on the first fine day in the following week—and the People's Festival must commence on Sunday, with the huge screen still concealing the idol from its assembled worshippers.

"Soon after twelve o'clock on Sunday all Munich began to stream forth in motley groups towards the Theresian Wiese. Citizens in crowds, peasants in crowds, all carrying umbrellas under their arms, carriages and peasants' waggons; vehicles, in short, of all descriptions, rolled onward in one living tide.

"Between the long, green, natural terrace on which stands the 'Bavaria,' and the last scattered outskirts of the city in this direction, lies the Theresa Meadow, which was swarming with people and covered with erections for the Festival. A second terrace had been formed into an immense flight of steps, or a succession of lesser terraces, in the centre of which the grand orchestra was to be stationed; while on either hand were decorated seats for the officers' ladies, the terraces themselves forming standing places for the prodigious crowd. Below is the race-course, and beyond rose the royal tent, on wooden steps, and resembling in form, a monster umbrella. It was painted blue and white, these being the Bavarian colors; and here and there over the meadow were erected raised wooden seats for the visitors,—all adorned with festoons and wreaths of spruce fir, frequently bound together by twisted drapery of blue and white. I can give no idea of the extreme elegance of these simple decorations—hundreds of spruce firs must have been cut down for the occasion. Whole groves of these favorite German trees, too, were planted everywhere, from the beer-house to the royal tent.

"At length a cannon sounded;—and with a tramp of cavalry and gay outriders, King Max, accompanied by his brother, King Otho—conspicuous in his crimson fez and rich Albanian costume—dashed up to the royal tent. Ludwig was there to receive them. Then came the King of Saxony and hosts of grandees; and the military bands burst forth with our National Anthem, which the Germans call their *Volks-hymne*. The business of the day then began. The prize cattle were presented to the king—the races followed—and so ended the first day of the *Volks-fest*.

"Instead of describing the feats or festivities of the second or third days—which seemed to consist principally of shooting at marks and athletic games, I will proceed to the great event, not only of the Festival, but of my letter. The 'Bavaria' now stands revealed in all her dignity, beauty and glory, to kings and people. But let me yet speak a word or two about the statue itself.

"Through the interior of this bronze tower-like figure ascends a winding staircase leading to a chamber in the head, large enough to contain twenty-eight persons; whence through openings among the curls, the spectator can look across the plain and city,

and towards the glorious Alps. This may give an idea of its colossal size. But beyond the poetry of mere size—beyond that which arises from its connecting our thoughts at once with the sublime works of antiquity, and with the history and romance of modern date from the fact of its being cast out of Turkish cannon sunk in the battle of Navarino, and brought up by Greek divers—there is yet a deeper poetry in the work. This arises from reflecting on the ten years of toil—stupendous toil—mental and bodily, of its creators—the difficulties overcome by patient industry—the dangers endured with unflinching courage—and the melancholy truth that the final accomplishment of the mighty work is unwitnessed by the two men whose very lives seemed bound up in its success—Schwanthaler the sculptor, and his friend Lazarini, his 'right hand,' as he called him, who modelled the colossal figure under his direction.

"Though Schwanthaler was already attacked by his fatal malady at the time when he designed the 'Bavaria' at the King's suggestion,—he not only modelled a variety of designs for the Colossus, but also completed a smaller figure of the 'Bavaria,' as we now see her, thirteen feet high. When the huge wooden tower was built in the Royal Bronze Foundry, and after what may be called a gigantic wooden skeleton had been erected by a crowd of carpenters—after tons and tons of clay had been piled together over this, so as to form a mass of material on which to work—there, day after day might be seen the unwearied, energetic, though physically suffering sculptor, guiding with watchfulness and love the accomplishment of his idea, which ever grew beneath the hand of his friend Lazarini and his troop of workmen.

"Stiglismayer, the originator and director of the Bronze Foundry, died in 1844, just before the casting of the 'Bavaria' began. His nephew, Ferdinand Miller, full of youth, energy, patience, and experience, was ready to succeed him. The castings took place at five different times, commencing with the head. This was cast in 1844. In casting the bust of the figure, the largest portion, the greatest difficulty had to be encountered. It was necessary to melt for the purpose twenty tons of bronze—five tons more than had ever before been melted in the furnace. As this immense mass of metal slowly began to fuse, it also began to cake—thus threatening to destroy not only the casting, but the whole furnace, with untold danger to life and limb. Six men had, in spite of the oppressive heat, and the ever-increasing glow of the furnace, to take it by turns, night and day incessantly, to stir with long iron bars, the molten mass lest it should adhere to the furnace walls and so bring annihilation on all. On the evening of the fifth day of anxiety, when Ferdinand Miller for the first time sought a short repose in his chair, he was suddenly aroused by his faithful and anxious fellow-watcher—his wife—with the cry of 'Ferdinand awake! the foundry is on fire!' It was so. The ever-increasing heat of these five days and four nights had caused fire to burst forth among the rafters. To have attempted to extinguish the fire by water, with this molten mass below, would have caused the immediate destruction of the place. All that could be done was by means of wetted cloths to keep down the fire. This was tried, and the melting went on as before. Amid such danger did the casting of the bust take place about midnight on the 11th of October, 1845. 'Success' was shouted forth; a load of anxiety of many kinds fell from every breast; and all then hastened to the complete extinguishing of the fire.

"Various have been the ceremonies connected with the casting of the 'Bavaria.' When the head was first raised out of the pit in which it had been cast, King Ludwig and a number of distinguished persons being present, a festival was held, in which garlands, music and illuminations, played a conspicuous part. On August 7th, 1848, when the figure was complete—all the separate portions, except the head, having already been removed to the Theresa Meadow on a carriage constructed expressly for the purpose—the head was conveyed thither with every mark of festival rejoicing. On the following day the bell of the little church of Neuhausen tolled; and Ferdinand Miller, the noble and courageous 'master,' accompanied by the workmen of the foundry, went to return thanks for the accomplishment of their arduous work. They had commenced their labor with prayer four years before in that little church—and now they offered up thanksgiving, that their task was not only achieved, but achieved without loss of life or limb to a single member of their band. But Schwanthaler and Lazarini—where were they?

"Now for the festival. In the cheerful sunshine and beneath a cloudless heaven, all Munich proceeded towards the Maximilian Platz, where the Bavarian procession was to assemble, accompanied on the way by a vast sound of singing, as if all the *Singvereins* were joining in chorus. At nine o'clock the wide Platz was alive with an expectant and well-dressed crowd—citi-

zens, peasants, officers, students, artists—a motley, joyous multitude. A strange apparition approaches—it looks taller than the tallest houses. *Gens-d'armes* riding before clear the way. This is the 'Bavaria's' spinning-wheel! placed on a low car, and drawn by six horses; horses and car all wreathed with flowers. Then came the festal car of the innkeepers, with their offering to the great goddess of the day. Next followed what might be called a splendidly illuminated car—an offering from 'the grateful *Vorstadt Au* to the illustrious founder of their church—their beloved Ludwig.' To this succeeded a colossal sword and steel gauntlet, drawn likewise on a festal car—the car of the sword-makers and cutlers—and so the procession grew. The locksmiths and carpenters, the masons, the decorators and gilders, all sent their representatives, glittering with gold and ermine, and looking like the figures of some show in an enchanted city. The very butchers had idealized their trade; so had the bakers, the confectioners, the weavers, the gardeners; every trade in Munich, in short. Nor were the sculptors, painters, or foundry men behind-hand with their tributes. Wonderful were all the devices; strange, grotesque, and beautiful.

"And so all Munich proceeded, with banners, music, and a vast rejoicing towards the Theresa Meadow. The streets and suburban lanes were swarming with the multitudes awaiting the wonderful procession. As we emerged on the plain, we saw that already the earthen steps and terraces were black with an assembled multitude, while streams of pedestrians, and streams of carriages poured across the meadow. All previous points of attraction were now centred in the spot fronting the 'Bavaria,' where a second royal tent had been erected, different entirely from the white and blue umbrella of my former description, and more like a canopy supported on four slight pillars. Long ropes, stretching down from the wooden screen which concealed the 'Bavaria,' were firmly fastened into the green turf.

"About twelve o'clock—after King Ludwig, accompanied by his Queen and King Otho, had arrived, and when the whole plain from the neighbourhood of the 'Bavaria' to the very city itself was gay with carriages and an untold moving multitude on foot—the fantastic procession, consisting of all the trades' offerings, gradually approached to the sound of music and amid the shoutings of the people, passing before the King and presenting their gifts. Having witnessed the arrival of the first portion of the procession in front of the royal canopy, we took our station on the sloping bank a little to the right of the 'Bavaria' and nearly opposite the royal party—to gaze upon the wondrous crowd of human faces turned towards the pavilion, and towards the quaint forms slowly advancing through the multitude like grotesque ships steering their course amid a human ocean, fluttering banners on long staves, telling as sails and masts. Beyond this rolling sea lay a broad stretch of green plain—then the city, with its towers and pinnacles rising into the clear blue sky; and, far off, the solemn mountain chain.

"When the whole procession had passed, the horses were unharnessed, and the strange cars were grouped upon the meadow. A troop of singers ascended the mound, and passed behind the wooden screen, or rather screens, which concealed as yet the motive spirit of this living scene. The important event of the day was at hand! A hush fell on the expecting multitude—the hush of intense expectation. Suddenly swelled forth the notes of the overture, composed expressly for the occasion. Then came another pause. An arm was raised in signal—and through the great silence was heard the distant sound of the saw and hammer at work severing the timbers of the condemned screen. The thrill of expectation grew more intense. A rope was loosened by a small human figure, far up aloft—the screen fell with a huge sound which the roar of the cannon repeated, and the shout of the multitude prolonged—and the mighty 'Bavaria' stood revealed—awful and beautiful, of a pale, tawny gold color; the sunlight catching on her sublime brow, on her rounded shoulder, on her strong large arm which pressed to her side a laurel-wreathed sword. It caught on the sword-hilt, and burned and glittered like a star; a beacon, no doubt, far away. Then fell the lower screens; and bands of singers, with banners displayed, swarmed on either side the pedestal, and broke forth into one mighty song of triumph. In presence of that marvellous colossal Virgin, their voices sounded strangely small and human.

"After the song came an oration by the painter, Teichlein. He looked a mere black dot standing at the foot of the statue, and his voice sounded like the voice of some booming insect. Three cheers for King Ludwig succeeded—and in a few minutes the long gay train of royal carriages was seen, amid the shouts of the crowd, rapidly returning towards Munich. H."

#### ON THE DECORATION OF A VILLA

[This letter formed part of a little work, called the "Country House," printed by Lady Mary Fox for the benefit of a school at Kensington. It was written by Charles Lock Eastlake, Esq., now President of the British Royal Academy, in answer to a letter from Mr. Ker, asking Mr. Eastlake's advice as to the decoration of a country house.]

I SHOULD willingly refer you to abler advisers if M. de Chateauf's house were as real as it deserves to be; but although the conditions which you and the architect have proposed to yourselves havel ed to definite arrangements in the structure itself, a pleasing uncertainty must still exist with regard to the decorations. These depend for their effect on light and other circumstances not always to be reckoned on beforehand; so that their selection for a building which exists only in imagination must be, to a certain extent, a matter of speculation.

You refer to a certain "Pompeian" room; believe me, too much has been said of what you know was a rough experiment, to see the effect of a particular kind of decoration for small rooms, and which, as regards its details, can only deserve attention from the skill with which Mr. Harvey executed the animals that are introduced.

The word "decoration," however appropriate to fantastic ornaments, and in some degree to figures, has, as you know, been considered vilifying when applied to works that are addressed to the mind. But, as we have no other term, we must consent to use it in both meanings. It is, indeed, important to remember, that no works of art, however elevated, can dispense with the appeal, the impressive or winning appeal, to the eye. Thus much for our definition of terms.

As a general principle in decoration, I would recommend that the eye should be solely or chiefly addressed where a passing glance only can be given to the work, and that the attention should be more taxed where leisure and surrounding circumstances permit or invite contemplation. The reverse of this would be manifestly wrong; but the recommendation itself is not to be understood too literally. Every display has its legitimate exuberance: the "over and above" in decoration can only be that of quality, for mere taste is supposed to define all that relates to quantity. As common poetic description sometimes exalts its subject less by accumulation than by substituting costly or choice materials for ordinary ones, so in art the augmenting excellence ascends from sense to thought. If, therefore, the intention to afford mental pleasure is very apparent even in situations where this may appear superfluous and in a manner thrown away, the impression must of itself be elevating. But the indispensable condition is, that a gradation should still be maintained; that higher excellence should still be in reserve. What must be the character of works of art to which Raphael's corridor in the Vatican forms the mere approach? The answer is given by the perfection of the works in the Stanze. All that is to be insisted on, therefore, is a due gradation in conformity with the principle first proposed. In the remarks that follow, I cannot strictly adhere to the plan of the house, but must often generalize; the observations submitted, if tenable at all, will, however, be easily applicable to your purpose.

The pavement of the halls might be enriched, but I can hardly approve the occasional practice of the ancients in placing mosaic "histories" under their feet.\* The forms and hues employed should be merely calculated to gratify the sight. Among other preliminary considerations, I would also include the nature of the mere surface as well as the distinction of every apartment. A pavement, for instance, however decorated, should still express the character of firmness and solidity. For this reason I would banish even the lowest kind of life (that of plants), and every approach to perspective. Geometrical forms would thus be alone admissible: the variety is infinite; but even here I would again exclude abrupt and irregular contrasts of color, which have sometimes the effect of making the evenness of the surface doubtful: the last consideration is, indeed, applicable to carpets. With respect to the classic fashion of inscriptions on the threshold, I merely remark, that letters are only ornamental in architecture when disposed symmetrically within the space which constitutes their frame-work.

In approving the common practice of placing statues and bas-reliefs in the principal hall, I do not de-

part from the spirit of our first principles. A statue has generally the advantage of being seen in various points of view, and thus commands attention in situations where paintings could not. Associations of classic taste are naturally connected with the classic materials of marble or bronze; and architecture, when displayed as such, seems to acquire additional solidity by the presence of sculpture. But works of sculpture of the first excellence should be admitted to the library or drawing-room, and even fragments of rare beauty should be enshrined with like distinction. For the present, however, we are in the hall. I do not recommend mixing mural painting and sculpture: no painted devices should compete injudiciously with the bas-reliefs. But let us suppose that your bas-reliefs are in the outer hall, and that you have only some sculptured vases on detached pedestals in the inner hall or corridor, then by all means decorate the walls of the latter with arabesques: to these we shall return. In the staircase, also, it will be necessary to make your election between the two arts I will assume that you decide for painting. Few people linger in a staircase; still fewer break their necks to look at a painted ceiling. If the scene affect the eye and the imagination agreeably, this may be considered sufficient. When we see the whole Pantheon on the ceiling and walls of great staircases, this undoubtedly might be defended on the ground that a mere passing impression of magnificence is intended: but the exuberance of quantity rather than of quality is here obvious. In whatever mode the walls of the staircase are adorned, the decoration should be entirely subservient to the architectural effect. This involves a more radical objection to the mythologic crowds before alluded to, because they have frequently the effect (and intentionally so), of destroying all idea of the angles of the building. I am of opinion, on the contrary, that the decorator should dispose his paintings in shapes which shall appear to grow out of and complete the architecture. The inclination of the panneling of the wall to agree with the line of the stairs, may be considered incompatible with paintings: a horizontal termination, perhaps level with the chief landing-place, is essential, and the triangular spaces or sections of such spaces, between this and the stairs, had better be left nearly plain, and not very light in color. Of all modes of destroying legitimate illusion, that of introducing painted figures, sometimes the size of life, where living figures must often come in contact with them, is the most effectual.

The compartment or compartments above that horizontal line might be painted in fresco, certainly not in oil on the wall, nor in the newly-revived encaustic; at least not till it has been further tried. The figures should not extend to the angles of the walls where the staircase turns; the pseudo or real compartments which form the frames might finish at a little distance from the angle; the real wall is, in short, never to be lost sight of; and if ocular illusion is attempted at all, it should be rather with a view to complete and enrich the architectural forms than to destroy them. Where the light is unfavorable for painting, the flat-test style of bas-relief is still admissible. But as you are especially desirous of having your staircase colored, I really can propose nothing fitter to gratify the eye and imagination merely, than the more refined but at the same time familiar subjects of the Greek mythology; such as the personifications of poetry, the progress of the hours and of light, the seasons, and so forth. Such subjects afford the best materials for mere beauty of line and drapery, for composition generally, and if not too statue-like, for color; and even when they suggest no profounder range of thought (not that their import is necessarily thus superficial), they leave an elegant impression on the mind. The objection is, that they are old; but there would be some novelty in treating them as detached compositions, instead of beclouding and peopling the whole space in the style of the seventeenth century. It is to be remarked that Raphael and Michael Angelo bounded their compositions of this kind by definite forms, especially on ceilings. Pietro da Cortona and the machinists generally, were as intent on destroying the connection between painting and architecture as the great masters were to preserve it.

But this separation of the compositions into compartments supposes at once a great latitude in the choice of subjects. Milton's smaller poems, and many other English sources, might be preferred to classic inventions; only it should be remembered, that fresco, from the nature of its means, is privileged to aim at the ideal rather than the actual world, and that the character of the decorations required for the place must necessarily influence the selection and treatment of the subjects. Dark effects are equally unfit for the situation and for the powers of fresco. In the ornamented divisions of the compartments, perhaps partial gilding might be employed with better effect than colors; on the ceiling both might be in-

\* The passion for this kind of decoration was carried so far that the ornamented floors of the dining-room sometimes represented the scattered fragments of a repast. *Plin.* l. xxxvi. c. 5.